PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
£1.75

INTERNATIONAL

France Francs 39,Italy
8500, Austria AS 80, Germ
DM 20, Spain Ptas

VOLUME 19 NUMBE

SHE'S A WINNER!

YOU VOTED HER

THE SEXIEST GIRL OF THE YEAR

See page 26

YUM

12 BAR
BIRDS
INSID

BONKARAMA!

WE START THE 90S WITH A BANG

MEET
RAND
COVERGIR
MIRAND

ISSN 0955-181

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

HIGH QUALITY TRUE-PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT! THEN GET IT.

VOL. 2 NO. 1 £1.75

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

MEN'S WORLD

EXCLUSIVE!
NAKED CAMBERLEY POSTWOMAN EXPOSED!

GYRATING GYM MISTRESS JULIE STARKERS

DING DONG IT'S GAYNOR BELL

FUNKY CLOBBER: ALL MESHED UP & READY TO GO...

WIN £10,000 AMATEUR EROTIC NUDE PHOTO CONTEST!

AUSTRIA 90 ASH FRANCE 37 FFR GERMANY 13 DM

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT?. THEN GET IT.

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

Cover girl Miranda is such a bad girl - and she loves to talk about just how bad! Find out her sexy secrets on page 35, and prepare to be shocked...

Publisher: Paul Raymond
Editor: Stephen Bleach
Assistant Editor: Clare Dowse
Art Director: Ian Midson
Deputy Art Director: Rod Edwards
Art Assistant: Ian Jackson
Editorial Assistant: Robert Swift
Advertisement Director: James Macleod
Circulation Director: Mike Stall
Cheif Executive and Legal Adviser: Carl Snitcher
Editor's Snake: Trouser

CONTENTS

CLUB INTERNATIONAL **Volume Nineteen Number One**

It's our Girl of the Year!

4 **TEASE!** what's up in 1990 for you

5 **COME AGAIN** Lee legs it

6 **IN THE BAG** your New Year fornications

Joslyn's red hot romp

7 **PATSY** pretty and pouting

14 **TAPED!** hand shandies with Brycey Boy

15 **FILO SEX** with our clitty correspondent

16 **GOBBLE!** Fatbastard hits the clubs

17 **CAROLINE** sofa, so good

22 **THE BASTARD'S GUIDE** the 90s are coming up!

24 **GIRL OF THE YEAR** who's top of your poll?

Patsy's stocking trade

32 **DICK!** the last stand of Richard Slick

33 **NUTTER'S CORNER** in the line of fire

35 **MIRANDA** they call her a *very* naughty girl

42 **SARAH** the girl with the sexiest pussy

Caroline gets kinky

52 **LOVED TO DEATH** tale with a deadly climax

Aja - a very wicked woman

54 **DENISE** bubbly blonde Welsh rarebit

58 **TALKING BLUE** creamy, steamy, hot and juicy

Denise, the girl from the valley!

84 **AJA** see our porn princess undress

92 **JOSLYN** bareback rider

99 **POSITION OF THE MONTH** Slick tries not to drown in it

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01 - 734 9191. Origination by PPC Limited, Leatherhead, Surrey. Colour by Technik, Berkhamstead, printed Web Offset by Hunterprint Group Plc. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: M. D. Sharrock, Avenue de la Toison d'Or 23, Boite 14 1050 Ixcelles, Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. © Paul Raymond Publications 1990.

TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

The new decade beckons, a new era dawns, the walls come tumbling down, and all that. Crap, isn't it? We all know that everything's going to go on much as normal. To whit:

*La Thatcher will say it's not her fault.

*Le Kinnock will say that in the final analysis, at the end of the day, he is totally, comprehensively and totally sure that it's probably not his fault either, boyo.

*You'll get drunk just as much as you did last year.

*Everyone will go around saying, "Of course everything will change in 1992."

*It won't.

*The phone will always ring when you're on the crapper.

*Americans will still have irritating voices.

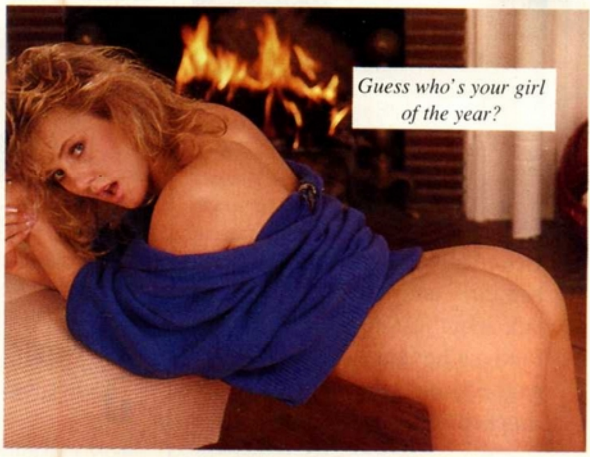
*Club will be the sexiest magazine in the known cosmos.

I would like to stress that last point, because certain trouble-makers have been putting about the foul rumour that we are re-launching as a freelance cheese-sculptor's journal. It has been suggested that our next issue will carry Britain's first all-cheese cover - a gorgeous, ripe, round Wensleydale. They say that the *Talking Blue* section will be re-designed to focus on veined cheeses, with special emphasis on Stilton.

There is no truth whatsoever in these rumours. It is also false to suggest that the next editorial will be written by the office supply of Lymeswold, and anyone doing so will hear from our legal adviser, Mr Cheddar Wotsit.

Having cleared up that point, it only remains for me to wish all our readers a happy new year, with many pleasurable hours of cheese-sculpting to come. - *Colin Curd* ♣

Have a knees up with Sarah


Guess who's your girl of the year?

Joslyn: the wild, wild west

Noisy, nude, Miranda

Porn star Aja's the major attraction

Patsy - our dirty debutante does it all!

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Lithe Lee wrapped her legs around all of us when she writhed in Vol 18 No 12, and she certainly sent a few people's blood pressure soaring as she explained that her parents keep catching her at it. Gerald of Taunton and Melvyn of Knutsford were just two of you who'd love to get to grips with her, but her greatest admirer appears to be a certain Dick Swain from Northampton, who claims that he'd "love to give her what for." Precisely.♣

IN·THE·BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Sperm Count!

I am afraid that I must hold you personally responsible for the death of several million of my sperm. The poor buggers now lie dehydrated on my bedroom wall. The reason for their untimely ejaculation was the appearance in your magazine of the beautiful Lori in Vol 18 No 11. I have to admit it, this gorgeous Londoner set my imagination on fire.

I can just imagine her clad in those lacy undies, stockings and gloves lying in front of me. First she takes my already rock-hard cock in her lace glove covered hands and begins to wank me. In no time at all I am ready to come, because the feeling of lace rubbing on my hard shaft is so exciting, and as she senses the time is near she swallows my cock and receives a mouthful of my load. Regrettably after this I return to reality and realize that what I have actually done is ejaculate over the wall and the little streams of spunk are the only testimony of my imaginary night of steamy sex with Lori.

Just one more comment about Vol 18 No 11. The only outfit I want to see the stunning Maria Whittaker in is her birthday suit. She is so gorgeous but insists on torturing us by coming tantalisingly close, but never actually showing her pussy. So come on Maria, you've had your tennis costume, so be a sport and put the nation out of its misery by giving us a full nude frontal! - *Dave, N. Ireland*

Black Mark, Maria

What's going on? I've just picked up my copy of Vol 18 No 11, promising Maria Whittaker 'nude' on the cover, and what do I find - topless!

I thought Club was a men's magazine, not the *Sunday Sport*. You just can't have someone with a regular spot in a men's magazine if she's afraid to go nude.

"She's your new Club girl," you promised. Ha bloody ha. Come on, Club, sort yourselves out. If she won't go nude get somebody else like Andrea Clarke, who will. Let's have her posed like Becky does in the same issue, otherwise I' buy *The Sun* - it's cheaper.

I know you won't print th letter as it's slagging you of but it would be interesting t see the reaction if you did. - *JW, North Wales*

Maria has a few knockers (n pun intended), and they all seem to have written to In T Bag. Ten times as many fan have written to Maria herse and we'll be publishing som those letters when she retur in a full photoset next mont Ed

Fisticuffs!

Having been a regular reade (and wanker) of your excell magazine for five years, I ha eventually summoned up th courage to write to you. Mo after month you seem to continually excel yourselve with real spunk-flying beau who keep my cock hard day day out throughout the mon

Wanking is the main reas buy your magazine as I am

Dear Michelle

I've been reading Clu long time now, and I h seen lots of very beaut girls, but you, Michell are the best. You look horny in your photos, those sexy, pouting lip tits, lovely smooth legs nice tight bum, but yo pussy is your best feat It's so nice and bushy.

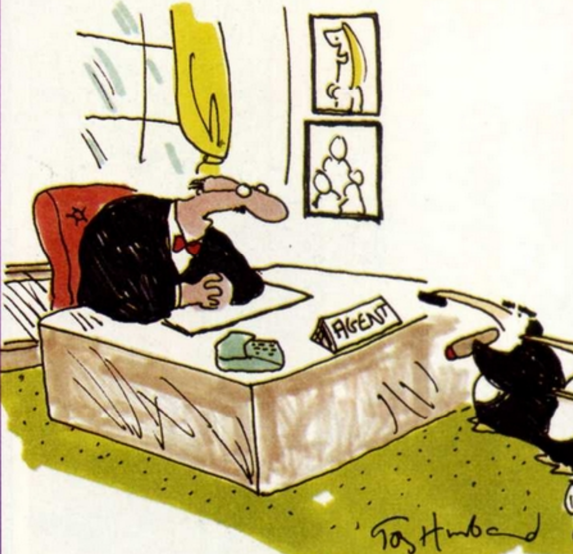
You say you like guy chewing on your curls. Michelle, I'd love to ha sitting down in front o those long legs spread and wide. I'd very gen up your thighs, not tou your pussy at all at firs run my long tongue ri

Snapped!

Terrible, innit? You want a quiet night out (well, as quiet as a night on the tiles *could* be for top glamour model and all round blonde sexpot Elisha Scott) so you get your casual gear on, and pop down to String-fellows for a bit of a boogie and a pint of shandy. Then who do you bump into in London's St Martin's Lane but your old friend Jackie St Clair (equally famous naughty brunette glamour puss) - and all she can do is flash her minge at you!

Hardly makes for a quiet night out, does it - but we can think of plenty of people out there (starting with the Ed and working upwards) who'd love to be flashed by Jackie down at the Dog And Trumpet. Especially if Elisha's there too to respond in the way only naughty girls know how... ♣

Photographs by Bernard



Sorry boys - it's been done

your pussy to your clit. I'd love to kiss and suck it, making you come all over my face. I bet you'd love having me lick you out, wouldn't you?

After all this licking and sucking I'd stick my prick straight up your lovely tight pussy, and fuck you long and hard. If only you were here to watch me wank as I'm writing this. - *Simon, Cardiff*

***I can imagine you gently pulling my thighs apart, Simon, and flicking your tongue over my moist curls, teasing my clit before plunging it into my fanny as far as it will go. I can imagine me writhing on your face like that, can't you?* - Michelle**

Top Ten Corner

1. Wendy James - singer
2. Belinda Carlisle - singer
3. Stacey Owen - model
4. Linda Nolan - TV presenter
5. Sandra Jane Moore - model
6. Caron Keating - TV presenter
7. Sabrina - singer
8. Latoya Jackson - singer
9. Ulrika Jonsson - TV weathergirl
10. Lisa Bonet - actress

Baz, Sheffield

particular fan of this pleasurable experience. I have a wife who enjoys sex as I do, but never quite gives me the pleasure I can give myself when fisting off. I would be very interested if you would do an article on masturbation techniques and would be keen to hear from other dedicated wankers like myself who have a particular way of jerking off. My own present favourite is with handcream, which I squirt into my hand and on my cock, before making a loose fist and gently stroking up and down my cock. You then rub your knob end every dozen strokes with the palm of your hand, the pleasure is unbelievable.

Please do an article on the various different wanking methods as I can't wait to try them out. Here's hoping, and always wanking to the gorgeous girls in your fab mag. *- Michael, Bognor Regis*

Black Beauty

I was divorced in May and moved into my own small flat to begin life again as a single

Continued on page 34

patsy

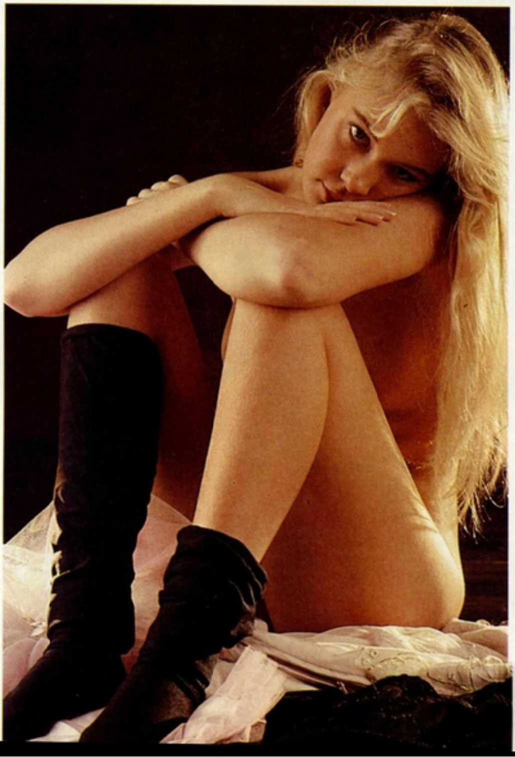
Photographs by Michael Moore

Pretty, pouting Patsy has had her coming out ball - but there's nothing smutty about that!

"My mother put me through the whole 'deb' scene in London but I wasn't really interested in all that false smiling and boasting about money," explains our sexy blonde Sloane. "I'd rather see a guy's dick than his Porsche any day!"

"At my 'coming out' party I got so drunk that I did a strip right in front of all my relations and friends. I loved being the centre of attention, all those guys looking at my pussy and soft boobs and getting excited - except my father who was fuming!

"I was sent away to University but the only useful thing I learnt was



how to suck a guy off during a lecture without getting found out. I didn't work because all I wanted to do was modelling, and screw as many guys as I could.

“Since then I've enjoyed doing loads of modelling for fashion houses in Paris and New York but nothing compares with taking all my clothes off for the camera, then going home with the pictures and bringing myself off looking at them!” ♣

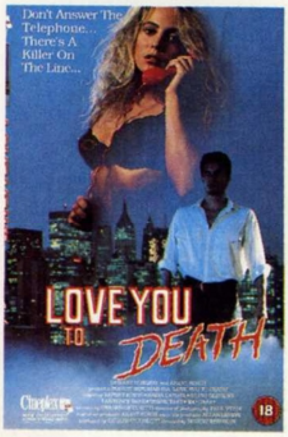
TAPED!

The TV chat show hosts have now discovered ***Allan Bryce*** *and his 27 incher, and he's got wrist ache... from signing autographs. Next month he applies for Jim Bowen's job as host of* Bullseye. *Meanwhile, read on...*

Fame. Fortune. Not being able to go out in the street without someone coming up to you and saying, "Hello my son, can you autograph this cheque?" It had to happen eventually, I suppose. My fifteen minutes of fame came the other day when I got a call from none other than well known TV personality Melvyn ("I've got a code in my dose") Splagg, who wanted me to appear on this Channel 4 chat show of his to talk porn.

A short while later this telly crew turned up at Bryce Towers to film yours truly sitting goggle-eyed in front of *Housewife Special Number 99* and ask such penetrating questions as, "Have you seen *Water Sports*?" Now I was expecting something a bit more in the *South Bank Show* style. You know - Melv: "Is it possible to uncover metaphysical existentialist comments on the role of woman in modern society in the remarkable and truly hedonistic *Jane and Janice Get 'Em Off*?" Me: "How the fuck should I know? It's worth a wank though."

To be honest it was all a bit of a disappointment, and Melv took the piss, sniggeringly saying I looked knackered from watching all those porn movies. The truth was I was shagged out all right - from making endless cups of coffee for the camera crew! So if you're reading this Melv, old son - watch your kneecaps.


Don't Answer The Telephone... There's A Killer On The Line...
LOVE YOU TO DEATH
Chapletown
18

Anyway, let's get on with this month's roundup of what would be described by more learned souls as 'masturbatory fantasies'. First on the old hand shandy trail is **Stripper**, a tape which seeks to blow the lid on the ladies whose profession it is to tempt, tease and tantalise - and we're not talking TV AM weather forecasters here.

What possesses them to do it? What is the seductive lure of their demanding profession? This movie gets to the bottom of things, and a very shapely bottom it is too. Director Jerome Gary takes his cameras into seedy downtown bars and to the bright lights of Las Vegas to see what makes these gals tick. In the end, it tells you nothing you couldn't have learned from a stroll through Soho on a Saturday night, but video voyeurs will enjoy the wrist exercise.

IN ARREARS

You can bet your ass that 1990 is going to be a vintage year for bum lovers. You've had the year of the hare, and now it's the year of the ass. It's been a long time in coming, but believe me, it'll be well worth the wait.

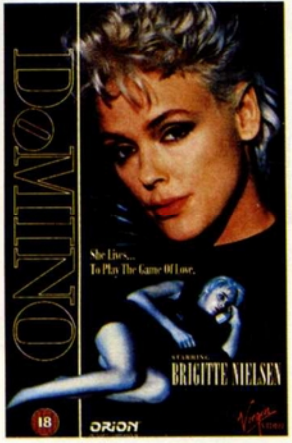
I've looked into my crystal balls and I foresee the comeback of free love and free ass groping. A year of grabbing girls' tushes in tightly packed lifts. But instead of having a spring-loaded umbrella opened in your crotch, they'll take you home, rip off your clothes and fuck your brains out.

In 1990 you won't waste time telling a girl she's got a great personality, wonderful eyes and bakes an apple pie just like your mother used to make; you'll just tell her she's got the cutest little bum you've ever seen, and you'd feel honoured if she sat it right on your face.

No longer will you have to tolerate quips like: "Why are women's bums so badly made? Because they went and put the shithole right next to the snack bar." Bottoms have been the butt of too many jokes for much too long.

1990 will be all this and more - and if it's not I'll kiss this arse! Happy New Rear. - ***Billy Buttock*** ♣

Very few sex movies manage to work an interesting storyline in with the usual by-the-numbers bump and grind action, but a newie called **Love You To Death** is a notable exception. This tells of how sultry Nadia Capone (no relation to Scarface Al) gives up her dreams of becoming a Hollywood actress to take a well paid job as a phone-sex girl. After a shaky start she soon discovers she has a special talent for her new occupation, inventing a host of sexy characters and placing them within elaborate fantasies to arouse her clients. But this backfires in a macabre fashion when she finds out that women fitting the description of her fictitious ladies are being systematically murdered...

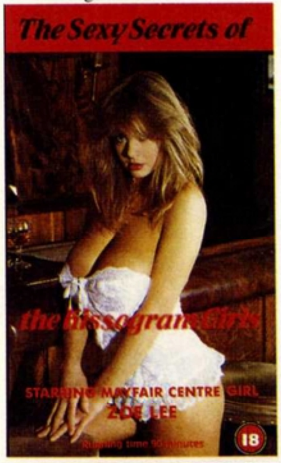

DOMINO
She Lives... To Play The Game Of Love.
STARRING BRIGITTE NIELSEN
18
ORION
Virgin Video

No bullshit now: this is actually one of the best made erotic thrillers I've come over in a while, containing elements of such past classics as *Peeping Tom* and *Crimes Of Passion*. The story is intriguingly developed, the dialogue and performances are spot on, and director Robert Bergman fills the screen with wall to wall nudity at all times, setting much of the action in a sleazy night club where there's plenty of dirty dancing going on. Reminiscent of last year's exploitation winner, *Stripped To Kill*, it's an absolute must!

Back to the bullshit now, and **Sexy Secrets Of The Kissogram Girls,** a golden oldie being revived for the simple reason that folks always love to look at gals with big tits. Join Zoe, Georgina, Donna, Karen, Jackie and Sue as they enrol with Grimballs agency for a kissogram training course. This involves a great deal of repeatedly getting out their forward thrusters and massaging them with baby oil. Afterwards they take a shower where none of them get their feet wet, and then it's off to one of the wildest parties since Fatty Arbuckle lost his bottle. This is one for the fella who likes his women to have more bounce to the ounce, though it does look a bit dated: I've seen better dress sense on *Bullseye*.

Moving right along we come to **Visions Of Ecstasy**, which is quite the most bizarre tape to come my way in, well, at least a month. Supposedly based on the life of Saint Teresa of Avila, this ambitious 20 minute short 'seeks to confront the ambiguous nature of pleasure and pain and the parallels between mysticism and sensuality'. That's what the press release says, anyway. But I don't think I saw the same movie, because it didn't get that message across to me.

No, to my untrained eye this was just a spicy little short set in the murky days of the Middle Ages when men were men and sheep were worried. The slim story tells of a pair of sexy nuns who get tied to a cross for thinking naughty things and then compound their crimes by fantasising (to a Steve "Banshees" Severin soundtrack) about being goosed by a Jesus lookalike. Now this is all very arty-farty and all that, but come on chaps, you know what happened to the folks who made *The Last Temptation Of Christ* - they all got a well-deserved thump round the earhole with the large print version of the Old Testament. Still, I suppose a bit of controversy never did anyone any harm - except perhaps Lord Lucan.



And finally we come to **Domino**, which by a strange coincidence happens to be the subject of our competition this month. This is a must for all fans of Brigitte Nielsen, the statuesque Swedish blonde who had her boobs pumped so full of silicone that they won't let her on the airlines any more for fear of explosions.

Brigitte plays the title character, described on the jacket as a 'beautiful, vibrant, sensual creature'. In fact I thought she looked a bit butch, but what do I know being beautiful, vibrant and sensual? Anyway, after a few disappointments in love she decides to 'unleash her own sexuality' (translation: put it about a bit) - 'venturing into a twilight world of tortured desires and shameless sexual adventures' (going to some tatty night clubs and picking up blokes with big Brighton rocks). As if all this isn't enough, she also has a pretty heavy scene going with a beautiful black girl. It's almost more than a body can stand, unless you've got a body like Brigitte's...

This stylish Italian-made psychological thriller (co-written by Roman Polanski's regular collaborator Gerard Brach) springs quite a few surprises near the end. But as we're at the end of this month's effort already I don't intend to tell you about them. See you next month, when I'll be telling you the story of the giant gate. That's right - you'll never get over it... ♣

Stripper *is available from Sony Video.*
Love You To Death *is available from Cineplex Video.*
The Sexy Secrets Of The Kissogram Girls *is available from Action Essential, 9 Monson Street, Lincoln, Lincs.*
Visions Of Ecstasy *is available from Axel Video, BCM Axel Films, London WCIN 3NN.*
Domino *is available from Virgin Video (seriously!).*

IN AND OUT

What's hip in humping, what's naff in nadgers-Club's unique style guide. By Terence Trendy

IN	OUT
Chat up line: "What's yer name, then luv?"	**Chat up line: "D'you buck back, missus?"**
The Happy Mondays	**Phil Collins**
rings on your fingers	**bells on your toes**
Poole Town FC	**Sheffield Wednesday**
harmonicas	**nose flutes**
elephants	**aardwolves**
turkey	**Turkey**
Morris Men	**ice dancers**
Roy Castle	**Des O'Connor ♣**

filo sex

Fluff

Having successfully fought off a Filosex takeover bid by breast magnate James 'Buster' Goldboob and his flesh conglomerate TWAT, it was great to receive a fax from IT of Derby.

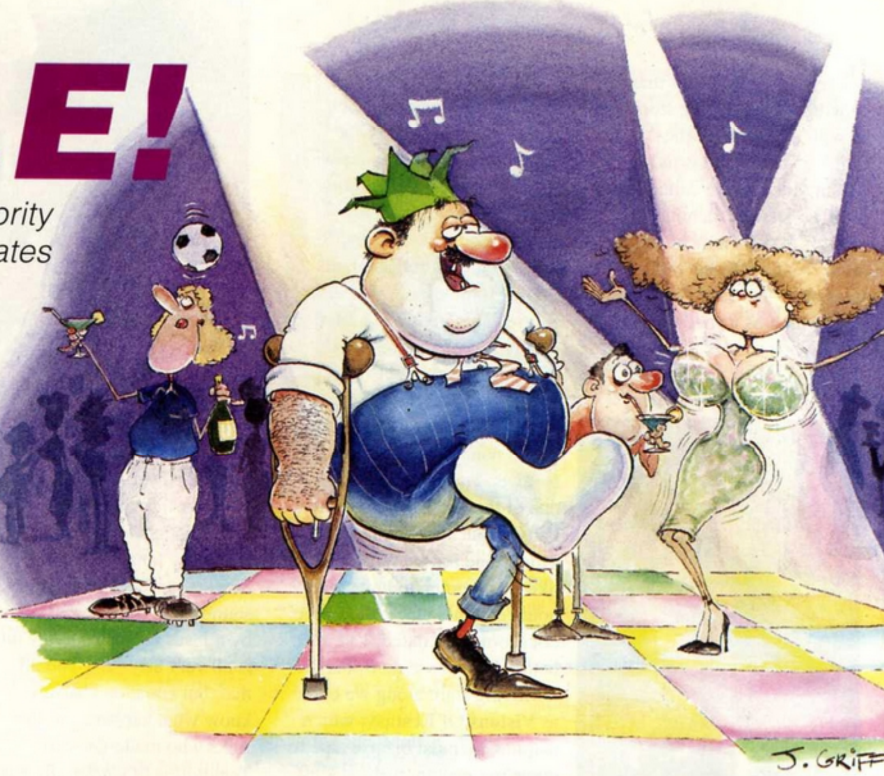
"Dear Filosex, your pictures of naked girlies have caused my dick to grow to twice its normal size! I have always had a very small willy (under four inches). However, on seeing Filosex I noticed a transformation in my lower anatomy. My thing began to grow and grow and grow until it stood out from my body a good eight and one eighth inches (at a rough guess, that is). What has happened to me?"

Dear IT, it's called a stonker and here are two more! ♣

club
INTERNATIONAL
Bernadette xx

GOBBLE!

Bringing in the New Year with a bang, celebrity slackgut ***Nathaniel Fatbastard*** *investigates the joys of Auld Lang Syne. Bloody pervert.*



Last week the cab came to pick me up after my week in Lower Catford General with a broken ankle. I hobbled out on crutches wearing a white welly of alabaster plaster.

"Huh-huh, get plastered at Christmas, did we, John?" quipped the chirpy Cockney cabbie, the world's only middle-aged survivor of cot death. It's a little known fact that taxi drivers, as well as being taught 'the knowledge' - namely being able to instantly find every road in London except the one you live in - also study 'the ignorance'. This is the ability to make fucking stupid jokes, carry on banal conversations and insist on giving you their insight into economic policy and political theory based on a well informed and highly developed study of the tits in *The Sun*. This guy was a Grade A pass.

"Ere, don't I know you?" he said, staring in the mirror and narrowly avoiding an Asian family on a pedestrian crossing, then blaring his horn and waving his fist by way of apology. Being a famous columnist on wine and food, I get this quite a lot from cab drivers. Over the years, I have a developed a disconcertingly modest reply.

"Yes, you may well," I said, smiling sweetly. "You're probably one of the cunts who wouldn't take me south of the river after half past ten. Arsehole!"

The hospital had told me that, following my traumatic accident, I was to take things easy for a bit. So I had decided on staying at an acquaintance's flat in Soho. Soozi is a private nurse from the 'laying-on-of-hands' school of medicine who works part-time as a 'relief telephonist' - in other words doing live sex lines. In fact, Soozi is the only person in the local directory with a home phone number beginning 0898. Outgoing by nature, she has one of the very few Durex credit account cards in existence and her wardrobe contains so much rubber and PVC, she's swopped her Daz for two economy sized cans of Mr Sheen. Well, the hospital said I ought to keep off my feet.

Soozi welcomed me with open arms and matching thighs.

"Oooh, come inside, Natty baby, I'll soon help you get that leg over - I mean get over that leg."

A real bedside manner.

However, since I appreciate that you read this column for my advice on the finer points of haute cuisine rather than the sordid shagging stories that soil the rest of this periodical, I'll spare you the details. Suffice to say that she pounces on and sucks a cock like a man in the desert discovering a Kia-ora.

But this does explain how I came to spend New Year's Eve in that popular West End venue, *Highly Strungfellows* (266, Whitney Euston Road, London W1). Although I'm not a club type, Soozi told me it was simply *the* place to go, full of celebrities, and she was desperate to suck up to the big knobs who would be there. So I helped her polish her frock then changed into my tuxedo and black patent dancing plaster for a night on the town.

Although the decor looked more like a 1970s branch of Top Shop I must admit that she was right. In one corner stood Lydia Loosbodi, the Page Three model, whose 39 inch tits were squeezed into a black sequinned dress that made her knockers look like two of those glitter balls that hang in cheap dance halls. Rumour has it that her boobs are insured for a million pounds each against being ignored. Next to her, ex-footballer George Pist was regaling a blonde bimbo with exciting stories of his commitment in midfield, and gradually talking himself out of getting in the ten yard box. Whilst on his right was a television comedian whom I recognised instantly - as a cunt.

I made for the bar, attracting glances of recognition, the crutches glinting dazzlingly in the disco lights. I plumped for a large Malibu and Creme de

club
INTERNATIONAL
Bernice xx

SON OF BAD JOKE

A man walks into a pub and announces to the barman, "I've got some terrific Irish jokes for you guys."

The bartender leans over to him and says, "Listen, if I were you I'd watch your tongue. The two bouncers are Irish, I'm Irish and every one of the customers in here is Irish."

"Oh, that's okay," said the man cheerfully. "I'll talk v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y."

Why don't rabbits make a noise when they screw? Because they have cotton balls.

What's the difference between meat and fish? If you beat your fish, it dies.

Menthe (£9.50) or A Heave Between the Sheets, as we cocktail buffs call it. The menu was a little on the pricey side. Prawn cocktail was £6.99, roast beef £9.50, sausage and tomato £7.99 - and that was just the crisps. So I settled instead for another Heave Between the Sheets and five pints of lager chaser (£15).

As midnight approached, I spotted Soozi with the Chief Constable of the South Midlands checking the tread left on her rubber-clad bottom with his thumb nail. Knowing I was unable to join her on the dance floor with my gammy leg, I sought solace in another few pints of lager. Then came the big moment.

At one minute to twelve, the owner of the club, Peter Highly Strungfellow, leaped on stage and began a countdown to midnight that proved a little too mathematically taxing for some of the Page Three girls. Then the hour struck and we all joined hands around Lydia's breasts and sang *Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot* (the Stock Aitken and Waterman version, re-released this season by two bleached dwarves from an Aussie soap).

To be honest, I enjoyed the evening a lot, hardly noticing my plaster and crutches. Admittedly I couldn't move as well as I normally do on the disco floor, and after 12 lagers, the old cripple anti-roll bars slowed the progress to the kharsi. Never mind, it taught me one thing. The average knee length plaster holds about three and a half pints of piss.♣

A man and his wife are having money problems so the wife suggests that she goes on to the streets and works as a prostitute to make some quick cash to pay their bills. The husband doesn't like the idea but finally agrees.

The wife returns a week later with her hair messed up and all her clothes torn and tattered.

"How much did you make then?" asks her husband.

"Three hundred pounds and ten pence."

"Shit! Who was the tight bastard who gave you the ten pence?"

"All of them!" she replies.

Where's an elephant's sex organ?
In his feet. If he steps on you you're fucked! ♣

Caroline

Photographs by Scott Evans

This sofa cost me a bomb," Caroline confessed when we did this shoot at her Coventry flat, "but it was worth every penny. I just think leather's so horny, don't you?

"Whenever I lie on it I like to feel its squishiness against my bare skin, and I rub my pussy along the smooth surface and feel how it makes me shiver all over. Sometimes it makes me so excited I have to put my fingers inside me and

have a bit of fun - which usually leads to a lot of fun!

"My leather sofa has seen some of my steamiest encounters with men too. For some reason they seem to think it's really kinky to have a leather sofa, and they're only too keen to get stuck in once they see me rubbing my pussy on it. After one really raunchy encounter it took me a whole day to clean that sofa..." ♣

English
For Men's Interest
Full Year Issues Collection
DMCA
Privacy Policy
Search

Coding for Beginners – 11th Edition, 2022

English 11th, 2022, Beginners, Coding, Coding for Beginners - 11th Edition, Edition

Artists & Illustrators – August 2022

English 2022, Artists, Artists & Illustrators - August 2022, August, Illustrators

Discover Britain – August-September 2022

English 2022, August, Britain, Discover, Discover Britain - August-September 2022, September

Miniature Wargames – August 2022

English 2022, August, Miniature, Miniature Wargames - August 2022, Wargames

NEWS FROM SITE

Please use "Search" to find the magazines you want. 90% of English magazines released in 2019-2022 are posted.

Please let a comment when you see dead links. We will try to re upload the magazines ass soon as possible.

If you can not find a magazine comment and we will try to find and post it.

Archives

July 2022 (536)
June 2022 (1960)
May 2022 (2245)

Windows 11 Tricks and Tips – December 2021

English 2021, December, Tips, Tricks, Windows, Windows 11 Tricks and Tips - December 2021

Performance, Performance Mini - Issue 23 - February-March 2022

Camping – Premier Parks 2022

English 2022, Camping, Camping - Premier Parks 2022, Parks, Premier

AppleMagazine – December 31, 2021

English 2021, AppleMagazine, AppleMagazine - December 31, December

English 2021, 3rd, Building, Edition, Guide, Home, The Ultimate Guide to Building Your Home - 3rd Edition, Ultimate, Your

Better Homes & Gardens Cut the Carbs – 2022

English 2022, Better, Better Homes & Gardens Cut the Carbs - 2022, Carbs, Cut, Gardens, Homes

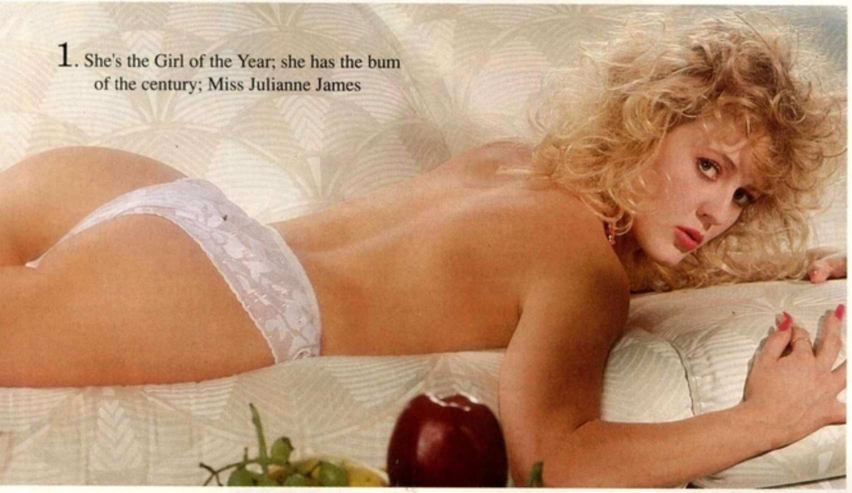
June 2021 (2485)
May 2021 (2154)
April 2021 (2096)
March 2021 (2503)
February 2021 (1968)
January 2021 (2322)
December 2020 (1852)
November 2020 (2149)
October 2020 (1902)
September 2020 (1875)
August 2020 (1944)
July 2020 (1658)
June 2020 (2893)
May 2020 (3146)
April 2020 (2878)
March 2020 (2186)

FREE DOWNLOAD
LATEST MAGAZINES

THE BEST QUALITY
TRUE PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD
https://magdownload.org/

GIRL OF THE YEAR



1. She's the Girl of the Year; she has the bum of the century; Miss Julianne James

You lot seem to have really taken to having your own Club Girl of the Year. This time round you sent in over 15,000 votes!

Over 3,000 of those went to our surprise winner Miss Julianne James, 21, from Cleveland. You can hear what Julianne has to say about her victory in her celebration photoset over the page - and rest assured you'll be seeing some more of her in 1990!

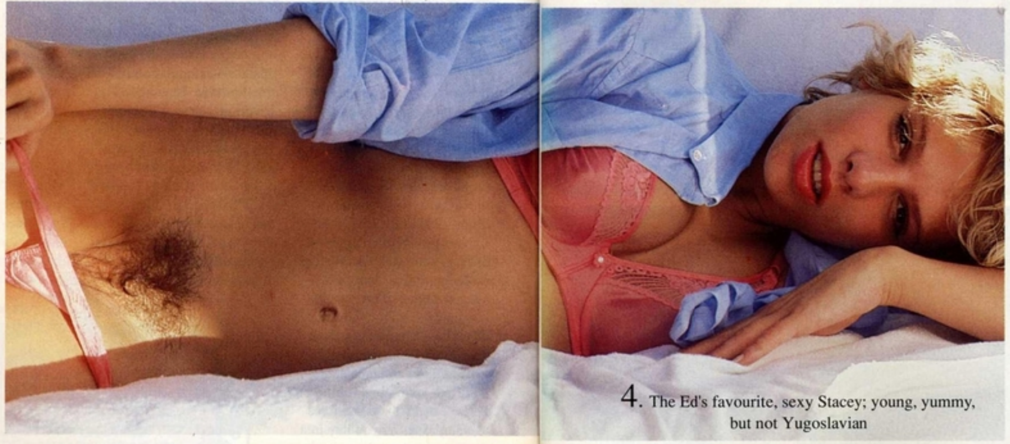
Of our regulars, new fave Maria Whittaker steamed in at second place just a few hundred behind Julianne, and old fave Andrea clocked up sixth place. The Ed's best girl Stacey stole fourth, so that's kept him happy. But every girl who's come in your top ten is a winner - enjoy them all!♣

7. Lori, the girl with the longest legs ever

8. Gina in St Lucia: our bird in paradise

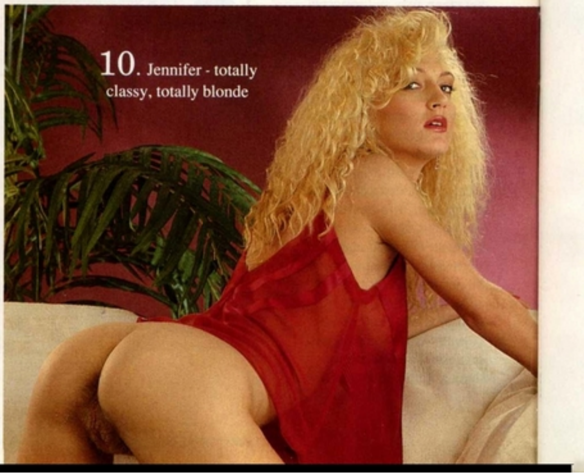
9. Melanie's lingering lingerie love-in

3. Jaqueline received more dirty fan mail than any other girl this year



4. The Ed's favourite, sexy Stacey; young, yummy, but not Yugoslavian

5. Tracy was your cheekiest teenage temptress



10. Jennifer - totally classy, totally blonde

2. Maria Whittaker: could she make the top Club spot next year?

6. Our own Andrea: still going strong and turning you on!

FINAL COUNT

1. Julianne Vol 18 Nos 4 & 8
2. Maria Vol 18 Nos 11 &12
3. Jaqueline Vol 18 No 9
4. Stacey Vol 18 No 6
5. Tracy Vol 18 No 2
6. Andrea Vol 18 Nos 1-13
7. Lori Vol 18 No 11
8. Gina Vol 18 No 1
9. Melanie Vol 18 No 2
10. Jennifer Vol 18 No 5

GIRL OF THE YEAR

Julianne James

Well, it was certainly a close run thing as you can see, but Julianne came out the clear winner at the end - and she was delighted, as she should be, to be crowned the girl most likely to (give the horn to you filthy lot). Here's what she had to say:

"I've loved all my appearances in Club, but this one just has to be the best. I knew I was popular, judging by all the randy letters I'd been sent by your readers, especially after I appeared on the cover showing off my boobs, but this is wonderful. Love and kisses to every Club reader who voted for me, wherever they want them.

Photographs by Scott Evans

"I just hope this means I'll be able to carry on flaunting myself even more often for you. A lot of you wanted to know intimate details about me, so I thought I'd answer the most popular one - my favourite sex position. Well, that's easy: doggy-style. Why do you think I pose so often on all fours with my bare bum in the air?" ♣

Miranda

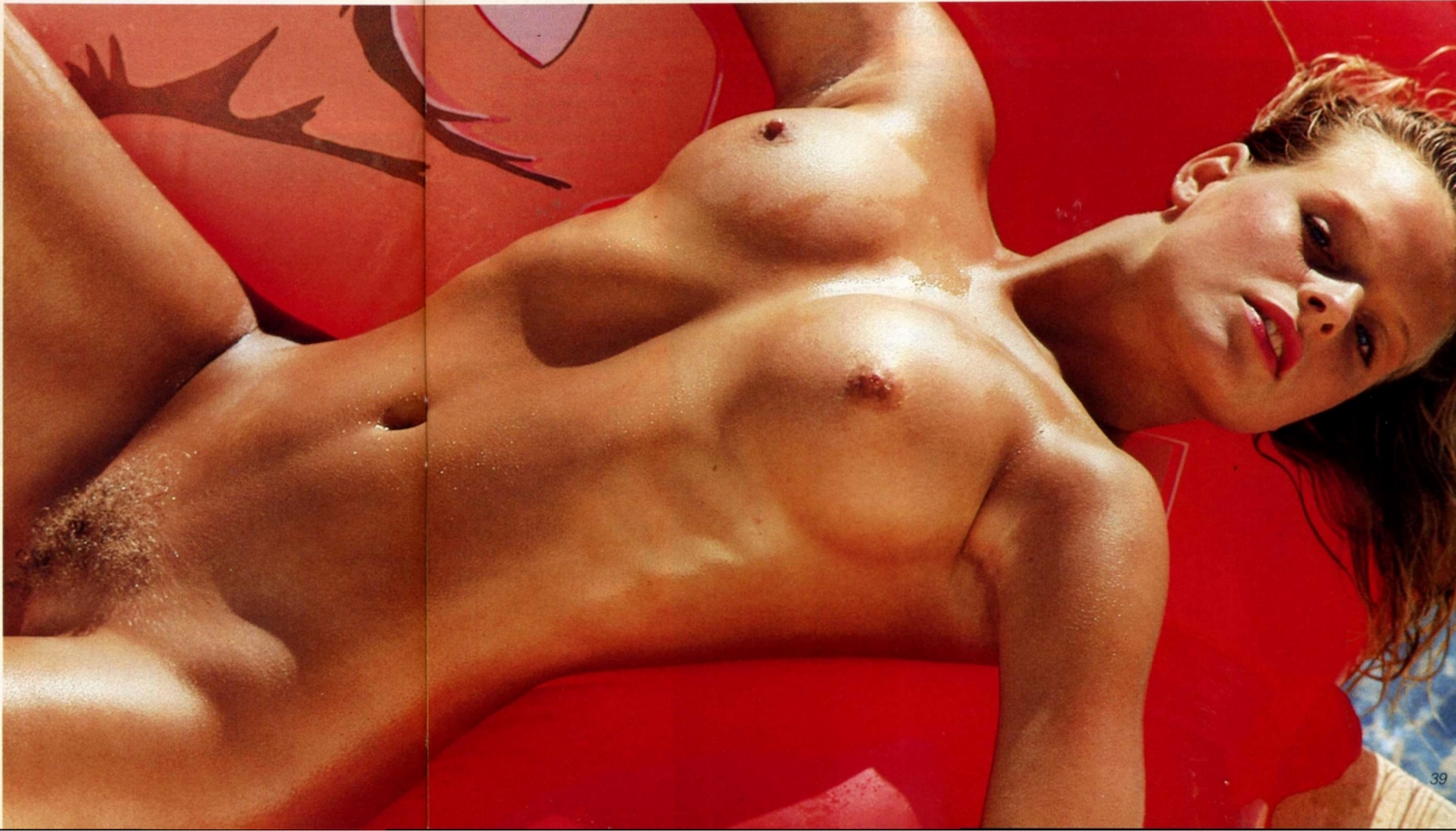
Photographs by Peter Flodquist

Miranda from Scarborough has just turned 18 but she's already one of the naughtiest girls we've had the pleasure to meet.

"I still live at home so I have to be a bit careful when I bring a guy back to my place," she laughs, sliding her short skirt a little further up her smooth, sun-tanned thighs leaving us with no doubt that she isn't wearing any panties. "The problem is that I get very loud when I'm in bed.

"Once my parents had some friends round for a dinner party and I was upstairs

with my latest guy. He was sucking my toes and kissing my feet, which drives me crazy. I was getting louder and louder, letting out little squeaks and squeals. By the time he was teasing my nipples and nudging inside me I was getting hysterical. He loved it because every time he thrust into me I got even noisier. My parents know exactly what I'm like, but I don't know what they told the guests!" ♣

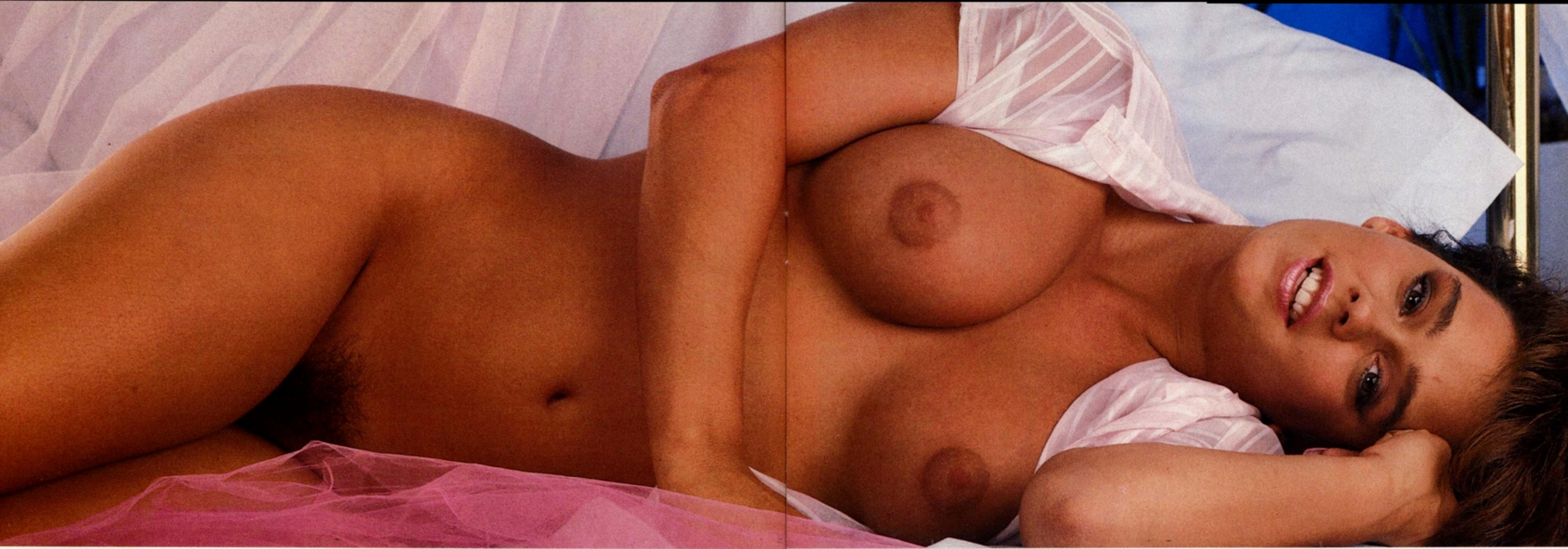


Photographs by Scott Evans

SARAH

Let us welcome you to the new year with a newcomer to the naughty pics business - and we think you'll agree that once you've seen the delights that 19-year-old Sarah has to offer, you'll never be able to get enough.

But Sarah isn't at all nervous about her first venture into the centrefold. "I loved every minute of the shoot," she told us. "I felt really relaxed being able to show my body off to the camera -



after all, I've got quite a good body, haven't I? I've never been shy about it, and my boyfriends have always appreciated my openness about sex.

"I love touching my body all over, feeling all the delicious sensations it gives me. Especially that tingly feeling in my pussy! I start

by lightly touching my nipples, getting them to stand out from my boobs, then I work my fingers down to my pussy. That's why I shave it like this, so I can really feel what I'm doing to myself. But I think you'd all really like to be doing it to me, wouldn't you?" ♣

club
sarah

denise

Our Welsh girl Denise has the sort of social life that would leave most of us breathless - and the sort of sex life that could give you heart failure. And she reckons it's all due to us!

"I go round town nearly every night of the week with the girls," giggles Denise, lying naked on her sofa and showing us the sort of tits that we'd love to encounter in a tight situation.

" The pubs are great for meeting blokes because they're always packed so I'm constantly squeezed up next to people. And I love a good squeeze, you know. Since I appeared in Club last year, in Vol 17 No 4, I've had more offers of that sort from the local guys.

"Us girls can get away moving up next to guy in a pub and giving him a good feel on his bum, or even a bit further round! It beats winking at them, I'll tell you. They love it because it's all part of the fun!

Photographs by Ed Alexander

"Sometimes I get lucky and a guy takes me to a club for a dance. Once I got so randy with a bloke that I got him to slip a tenner to the bouncer to let us go into the cloak room for a quick one. I felt really dirty rolling around in the coats, but being dirty is fun, isn't it?" ♣

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

GAME FOR ANYTHING

My boyfriend Dougie would be so thrilled and randy if I could get this confession into Club, so I decided I would have a go. We read the magazine regularly anyway, and after we've gone through each issue we usually end up having a wild fucking session. You can imagine what it would be like for our sex life if we could read our own story in it.

We've been together for a couple of years now, and our sex life just gets better and better. Dougie especially likes to be adventurous about where we do our shagging, and what turns him on a great deal is the thought that one time we might get caught. Last summer, we did. It was incredible.

On one of those really boiling hot days in August we decided to drive over to Richmond Park, not too far from Wimbledon where we both live, for a picnic. It's a great place for a spot of heavy petting too! You can easily find a spot away from all the families, where you can get on with a good bit of shagging away from prying eyes. We parked the car and settled down with all our food on a blanket. Already Dougie's cock was starting to stiffen in his trousers as he anticipated what was going to come.

"I'm feeling a bit hot, Dougie," I said, running my hands over my boobs in my thin T-shirt. "I think I'll have to take something off! I hope no-one can see me." Of course, I was really dying for someone to catch me doing a strip tease, so I made sure that I wriggled sexily out of my top, flinging my boobs free so that they bobbed up and down in front of Dougie. I knew that he'd have a big stiffy under his trousers by now, and I wanted it in my cunt.

Dougie was getting rather hot under the collar as he watched me follow that by slowly pulling off my skirt and standing there with my panties round my ankles, running one finger up and down my slit. I was getting wetter by the minute, my love cream starting to ooze out of my hole, my nipples puckering as I got more and more excited.

I felt sure someone was watching me, apart from Dougie, but that just spurred me on even more, my finger working away frantically in my hole. I could feel little thrills going through my clitty, like I was coming gently and sensually the whole time. I could tell that Dougie was dying to wank himself to orgasm but I looked at him sternly as I instructed, "You're not to touch yourself until I say so!" It was then that, as I watched Dougie's agonised face as he tried desperately not to spunk, I became aware that someone was panting away in the bushes behind me. Still naked, I whirled round and immediately spotted a middle aged guy standing there, trying to hide himself, wanking his smallish but stiff cock furiously as he watched my shameless display.

"You dirty thing," I said to him, lifting up my boobs as I faced him and fondling my nipples while he watched, amazed. "You've been watching my little show, haven't you? And it's given you a big stiff prick, hasn't it? Dougie, he's been watching me playing with myself."

I turned round to Dougie and was surprised to see him on his knees in front of me, his trousers round his ankles, his cock held firmly between his fist as he jerked it for all he was worth. Behind me the stranger was grunting and groaning as he wanked himself as I watched. He'd hardly noticed Dougie, and I must say I was shocked that Dougie was so turned on by the idea of another man watching my little display. The whole thing just made me feel hornier than ever.

"Who's going to spunk I first?" I demanded. "I want it all over me!" And with that I lay down on the ground between them, the hot sun baking down on my naked body, rubbing my soaking cunt furiously as the two guys wanked over me. It was incredibly erotic. I can't remember ever being so excited, and I lost count of the number of times I climaxed as I waited there to see who would come first.

I felt the first hot spray of come on my belly, and looked up to see the stranger standing over me spending his load on me. That sent me right over the edge, and I started yelling and swearing as I came, rubbing that creamy come into my skin. The spray seemed to go on for ever, but eventually it ran out, much to my disappointment. However, Dougie still hadn't had his come yet.

"I want your spunk, Dougie," I shouted. I didn't have to wait long before I felt the first spurt of it splashing my face, followed rapidly by other spurts of come all over me. Dougie was really panting loudly as he came, finally falling on to his knees exhausted after his enormous climax.

When we looked round the stranger had gone - presumably he thought we might turn a bit funny or something. But the memory of that afternoon in the park never fails to raise Dougie's cock, and it's stimulated us to many memorable fucking sessions. - *Anne, Wimbledon*

BEARDING THE LION

I don't know what it is about me - I must be kinky or something - but I just love men with beards. I can't get enough of them. Just the words 'stubble rash' make me horny. The very sight of a guy with a facial bush, whether it's one of those massive bushy ones that brush against you, or the small trendy goatees that just sit on the end of the guy's chin, just makes me want to put my fingers into my cunt and wank myself senseless.

There's a guy at my work who I've always wanted to seduce, because he's got a bushy, dark beard that I've been desperate to feel rubbing against my milk white thighs ever since I started working there. I wanted his pink tongue to be licking me out while I writhed against that beard, smearing it with love cream. I wanted him to snog me so that my face was red from his prickly fuzz. I also wanted his cock, of course, but it was primarily the beard that really interested and excited me.

Dave seemed to like me too, and sometimes would catch me in the garage where we work, bending over the desk pointing my bum at him, or reaching up to one of the shelves so that my boobs could clearly be seen straining the thin blouses I always wear. I know he always had a nice hard-on in his trousers when I did that, and he'd grin at me through that bushy beard, which would make me so excited I'd often have to casually saunter off to the loos, bang the door shut, and give myself a lovely frantic frigging.

I finally got my chance when our boss was out at a meeting for the day. Dave had been hanging round my desk a lot, in between selling a few cars, leaning over to try and look down my cleavage while I was typing, thrusting that lovely, bristly, horny beard right under my nose all the time. I didn't dare get up for fear that there might be a big wet patch on the back of my skirt. Finally Dave made his move.

"You know, Cindy," he said, his beard only inches from my lips, "I'd really love to shag you, you know." He stared at me, waiting to see how I'd react.

"I know you would," I replied, smiling saucily and leaning over so that he could see my boobs. "But what I really want is to feel your beard tickling my cunt." I thought Dave was going to drop dead when I said that. He obviously was too scared to make a move, so I took matters firmly into my own hands. Standing up, I pushed him down into my chair.

"Sit down and do as I tell you," I said sternly, sitting myself on the edge of the desk and opening my legs, revealing my wet panties through which he must have been able to see my dark pubic bush glistening. Dave looked pleased and terrified at the same time as he sat on the edge of his seat, looking right up my skirt. I decided to warm things up even more before getting that lovely beard thrust into my wet crotch.

I reached up and undid my blouse, pulling my generous boobs free of my bra and holding them in my palms, bouncing them up and down right in front of Dave's face. He looked as if he wanted to bury his face in them, but I wanted that beard somewhere else.

"No touching," I told him, kneading and fondling my boobs as he watched. I could see the hard-on rising in his trousers, and I reached down and unzipped his flies. He flopped out a good sized prick, which lay in his lap, throbbing as he sat there. "You can wank yourself," I continued, "but until you get a really big stiffy then you can't touch me!"

Dave was almost desperate by this time, and he gripped his cock firmly in his fist as he watched me moulding my boobs, the nipples sticking out hard and pink. His knob was sticky and shiny with pre-come juice as he worked his fingers along the shaft.

"Don't you dare spunk until you've seen to me!" I told him, splaying my legs even wider so that I could pull my pantie crotch aside and get my finger on to my clit. It felt wonderful sitting there stimulating myself while Dave watched and wanked. I was just glad the boss was out for the day!

I decided that it was time to get on with things once and for all. Wriggling so that my bum was raised off the desk, I eased my wet panties down my legs, leaving them dangling from one ankle as I spread my legs as wide as I could.

"Take a good look at my pussy, Dave," I told him as he leant closer to smell my love cream. "That's where your face is going to be for the next quarter of an hour!" I could tell that Dave loved to have me ordering him about, as he eagerly thrust his face into my crotch without any further ado.

I hardly noticed the first touch of his tongue on my fanny lips because it got lost under the sheer ecstasy of feeling his hairy, dark, bristly beard brushing the soft inside of my thighs and touching my mound. I thought I was going to come then and there, but I just managed to hold back. I wanted this to last as long as possible.

"Really rub your face into my cunt, Dave," I told him, reaching my mound forward so that my cunt was grinding into his mouth. "I want to feel those bristles on my fanny lips!" Dave couldn't get in there soon enough. I felt his beard really probing under my mound as he got his face right down there and started to lick me out. He was a bit of an expert with his tongue, I soon discovered, as he ran it gently along my wet slit at first, then lightly touched my clit with the tip of it as he nuzzled his beard into my pubes.

It felt like my idea of ecstasy as I felt those chin hairs rubbing into my skin, and I knew I was gushing juices as I squirmed on his face, feeling his tongue getting up my fanny even further. The sight of his face - and beard - coated with my sticky love cream made me feel so wicked and horny that I couldn't hold back, and had to let myself come, which I did with a huge shudder, biting on my knuckle in case any customers came into the forecourt of the garage.

I was enjoying a couple more climaxes when I remembered that poor old Dave had been holding back his spunk all that time. His balls must have really ben aching holding back like that, so I decided that I ought to relieve him.

"I'm going to wank you off now, Dave," I told him, reaching down and grasping his stiffy in my sweaty hand. "But that doesn't mean that you can stop licking me - I want plenty more comes from that lovely horny beard of yours!" Then, grabbing his tool firmly in my fist, I began to wank him slowly and sensuously.

Sure enough, Dave had been holding back a big load, because after only a couple of minutes of wanking he shot an enormous load of come into the palm of my hand. It came out in several spurts, and Dave grunted as he shot each one. I was so loosened up by that time that I put my hand up to my boobs and spread the white sticky stuff all over them, massaging it all in.

Dave still can't get enough of putting his face into my juicy cunt, or my wanking him off when the boss is out - and he still can't work out about my fetish for that bushy beard! - *Cindy, Rickmansworth*

Holiday Blues

Finger On The Trigger

I'm an actress, not all that well known, but fairly busy with a steady stream of work to keep me busy doing commercials and small film parts and that kind of thing. That's why I've changed my name here, and the name of my girlfriend, in case anyone recognises us from the descriptions in this story.

I met my girlfriend Kelly two years ago, while I was working on location in Southern Spain making a spaghetti Western for a small film company that my ex husband was involved with. Our divorce had been amicable and he always helps me out with work whenever he can. The film was pretty cheap B grade stuff, but the cast and crew were a good laugh and the pay wasn't bad either.

I first noticed Kelly purely as the director's girlfriend. She'd gone out there on location with him, and was clearly bored with the whole thing. Rex was a lot older than she was, and to be honest I think she was just with him for his money and the bit parts that he could get her. She used to get very fed up sitting around in the crew food caravan by herself while Rex was working, so she persuaded him finally to give her a small walk-on part in the film, and that was how our affair started.

I was playing the part of the whorehouse madam, the tart with a heart kind of thing that you usually find in those kinds of films. So it was decided that Kelly should play one of the girls under my care, and she walked on to the set one afternoon.

To be honest, I've always swung a bit both ways, and my husband was always well aware that I liked going to bed with women as much as with guys. But I never expected to get such a physical rush as I felt in my pussy when my eyes first met Kelly's. That sounds silly, I know, and normally I'd have been the first person to laugh at something like that, but it really was as if all the blood in my body rushed to my cunt when she walked on to that set, and I felt as if my groin was melting. It must have been obvious to everyone that something had happened, because I immediately rushed off to the loo to compose myself. My knickers were sticking to my cunt lips, soaked with my juices. I was so excited that I had to play with my clit as I stood there in the cubicle, which brought a flurry of mini climaxes.

That left me feeling even more aroused, if anything, rather than calming me down, and it was all I could do to force myself to go back on to the set to go over the moves for one of the scenes. Looking at Kelly whenever I got the chance, I tried to concentrate on getting into my costume, but everyone must've been able to see how my nipples stiffened under my skimpy bra, and how flushed I was. I felt so embarrassed - but at the same time I wanted Kelly to know what she was doing to me, how much she was turning me on.

Throughout that day, the heat in my pussy was so intense that I had to keep walking around to calm myself down, sure that someone would notice. Things weren't helped by the fact that Kelly kept glancing over at me from under her blonde fringe, or brushing against me as we were shooting. I could sense that she was well aware that I wanted her, but I couldn't work out why she was giving me the come-on, as I was convinced she'd never done that to a woman before.

That night after the shoot was over I was looking forward to having an early night, so I sneaked off after we'd all had dinner in a local café and showered in my small trailer, pampering myself with loads of oil and talc in preparation to having a really good long wanking session, fantasizing about Kelly sucking my nipples and frigging me off with her slim fingers in my pussy.

I'd just started my wanking routine, standing naked in front of the long mirror and rolling my nipples between thumb and forefinger, when to my surprise I heard the trailer door open and a slim figure walked towards me in the dark. I knew it had to be Kelly, so I just stood there waiting for her.

"I had to come," she whispered as she watched me carry on stimulating myself in the half light. "I've wanted to feel you touching my cunt all day. I want you to go down on me. I want to feel your tongue inside my cunt - please make me come." She said all this very quickly and nervously, as if she was expecting me to reject her. Not a chance.

I reached out and took her hands as she stood in front of me, lifting them up to my aching boobs, holding them on to my nipples as she began to massage me. The feelings going through my pussy as she got into a rhythm and I started to thrust my hips towards her as she fondled me were so strong that I couldn't control myself. My hand went to her cunt, and I slid a couple of fingers into her soaking love hole.

Her pussy muscles contracted tightly round my fingers as I worked them back and forward in that wet tunnel, and Kelly grabbed my nipples fiercely as I started masturbating her properly, with my thumb working over her hard little clitty as I pushed my fingers into her harder and faster. Her hips were urging me closer, and then suddenly I felt her cunt muscles tighten even more on my fingers, and her juices ran down my knuckle and on to the tops of the stockings she was still wearing.

"Go down on me," she pleaded, her hands working away frantically at my boobs now. "Make me come again!" I knelt down on the trailer floor, nuzzling my nose up the soft inside of her thighs until I reached her pussy, which was covered with wispy blonde hairs coated with her juices. I breathed in the smell of her come, and pushed my tongue into her, feeling the hot, wet walls of her cunt on my mouth. I licked right along her slit up to her clitty, a hard, throbbing bud by now, and then buried my face deep into her muff as I tongued her vigorously. She ground herself against me.

"Christ, that's it! Do it there, on my clit, in there!" Kelly was yelling. I hoped that the props girls, who had the trailer next to mine, couldn't hear what was going on, as I could tell that Kelly was going to have one hell of an orgasm any minute.

FFICE
ERIFF
SADDLES
WINCH

Just then she screamed, which seemed to make the whole caravan shake, and she almost sat down right on my face as I licked as fast as I could. Her hands were in my hair, holding my head firmly at her cunt as she came again. I could feel her shaking with the force of her climax; I wondered if it was the first time she'd got head from anyone. She was only about 21, after all.

After she'd recovered I was dying for her to just stick her tongue into my fanny, but I thought that Rex might miss her and the last thing I wanted was for him - and everyone else on the set - to discover that I was a lesbian. So I decided that I'd have to send Kelly away, for the time being at least.

"But I want to spend the night here," Kelly protested, reaching for my boobs again. "I want to screw you all night long." That was what I wanted too, but instead I arranged that as neither of us

was needed on set the next afternoon, we'd go off together and find somewhere quiet where we could get down to things.

I spent all that night with my fingers in my cunt, and the next morning was hell, trying to act nonchalantly towards Kelly so that no-one would suspect anything. We went off, one after the other, right after filming broke for lunch, still in the cowgirl outfits we'd had to wear that morning. That just added to the excitement for me, as Kelly looked wonderful with her fringed shirt straining over her big boobs, cowboy boots on her bare legs, and a large hat hiding her lovely blonde curls. Under my own costume I wasn't wearing any knickers, and I was so juiced up I was practically squelching as I walked along.

We'd arranged to meet at the far end of the farm where we'd been filming, by the paddock where the horses were kept. There was no chance of anyone coming along and spotting us, as just about everyone else had gone sight seeing at the local market town if they weren't filming. Kelly was waiting by the paddock when I arrived, and as soon as she saw me she stripped off her skirt and shirt.

She looked even more gorgeous in the daylight, her nipples poking rudely through her black lace bra, which didn't look as if it was big enough to hold her in, and her black G-string was stuck to her cunt, revealing everything. I knew I couldn't hold myself back much longer.

"You know what I want you to do to me," I said to her as she leant up against a tree, watching me strip off. "I want you to lick my cunt until I can't stop coming. I want you to eat me out." She just stood there and watched as I stripped myself naked except for my hat, and stood in front of her, my legs open and my cunt now dripping. I was breathing so hard that I thought I was going to collapse.

Kelly walked towards me, grabbed my hand and backed me against the tree, kneeling down in front of me and just burying her face in my sopping cunt as if she did it every day of her life, although later found out I was right in thinking that she'd never been with a woman before.

The first touch of her tongue on my clit nearly sent me out into space; my legs buckled and I was shaking uncontrollably as she lick me out, very slowly at first as if she was savouring every mouthful of my come juice, which was coating her face and lips. I moaned but I don't think she heard what I said as she carried on teasing me with her tongue, flicking it across my clitty, massaging the inside of my thighs with her fingers and thumbs. She was turning me on so much that I came very quickly, which is unusual for me. I didn't realise that I'd clamped my knees round Kelly's ears as I came, until she looked up at me and laughed. We must have looked a real sight, but thankfully no-one was there to see us.

I didn't expect Kelly to carry on licking me after I'd had my climax, but she buried her lips even further into my fanny then, and I could feel her tongue snaking up inside me, along with a couple of her fingers. My legs couldn't hold me, and I felt myself sliding down the tree, ending up sitting sprawled on the ground, my legs wide open, with Kelly on all fours, her mouth still attached to my juicy cunt. I'd never felt anything like it, and for a woman who'd never given head before, only taken it from guys, she certainly had picked up the technique quickly. I lost count of how many times I came then, squatting there in the dust, but my come juice

was running down my thighs and making a pool on the ground.

"You taste so good, Lindy," Kelly breathed as she finally surfaced from my cunt. "I never thought I'd lick out another woman. I never thought I wanted to fuck someone like you. Now look at me." I just smiled, remembering the first time I'd fucked another woman myself, and the mixture of guilt and excitement that I'd felt.

But Kelly was restless, and we decided to go riding for a while. I suppose she just wanted to digest what had happened between us, and although I was almost desperate to taste that lovely young cunt again, I knew that things would be even better if I waited until Kelly was properly in the mood. So we mounted a couple of the horses who were running about in the paddock nearby, thankfully the only witnesses to what we'd done.

"Riding always makes me horny!" I confessed to Kelly as I watched her riding ahead of me, her firm arse only wobbling slightly with the motion of the horse. There was a very wet patch on the back of the horse that I was riding as I watched her.

It was such a turn-on, riding along practically naked under the hot sun. I'd never done anything so erotic before. But Kelly was, I think, nervous that if we went too far from the paddock area we might be seen by someone from the film crew, so we didn't go too far.

All of a sudden Kelly reined her horse in in front of me, and dismounted, standing there in front of me, her G-string soaked and almost invisible in the wet folds of her cunt lips, her hands on her hips, challenging me.

"Get down and come over here and lick me out," she grinned, and stood watching silently as I dismounted, my heart beating fast and my fanny as hot and wet as I'd ever felt it. I just walked up to Kelly and pulled her to me, kissing her strongly until she was bent over my arm and I was supporting her. She then put her hands on my shoulders as I kissed my way down her body, my lips finally coming to rest in her blonde pubes.

I nuzzled at them and then plunged my tongue into her slick love hole, licking at her like the cat that got the cream, my tongue pushing strongly inside her.

"Do my clitty!" she yelled, gripping my head even harder to hold my tongue inside her. "You're making me come." As her juices covered my lips and tongue, I realised I'd never met anyone who came so easily and often as Kelly. We ended up on the ground then, Kelly on her back with her legs over my shoulders and knees wrapped round my ears, screaming with the force of her orgasms, and mauling my boobs as she arched her back. I just gripped her hips and licked until my tongue ached and I collapsed, exhausted.

As I said, all this was two years ago, and as you might guess, we couldn't keep our affair secret for very long from the rest of the crew. The shrieks of passion from my trailer night after night soon gave us away! Not surprisingly, Rex dumped Kelly once he found out what was going on, and as soon as we got back home Kelly moved into my flat. We've been happily fucking each other rigid since then. - *Lindy, London*

Couples Confess

Share and share alike! That's the idea of good group sex. And here in Couples Confess is where you share your dirtiest real life experiences with us.

My current girlfriend, Mandy, and I have recently come back from a week in the Peak District where we had borrowed a caravan from a friend of ours. The whole aim of going there for the week was to get away from the office so that the typing pool gossips thought Mandy was at her friend's and that I was on a course - rather than thinking of me filling the most sensational cunt in the office.

We got to the camp-site with the caravan on a Sunday night, and instantly got down to the local village pub, with Mandy done up in skin tight jeans and a loose blouse, revealing a lovely view of cleavage, the occasional flash of tit and a very clear knicker line. I must admit that I felt like putting on a performance shafting in the pub. When we left an hour or so later, we hurried back to the caravan so that Mandy could get the firm meat she was obviously after stuck into her insatiably sweet cunt.

As we got back to the site, we noticed a lot of new tents around but ignored them for a session of sliding good hard cock between Mandy's grasping snatch lips. This went on almost all night, with my failing shaft being revived by Mandy either wanking in front of me or cock sucking it back to stiffness. Despite almost a quarter bottle of baby oil, I still had one sore shafting stick the next morning!

The next morning, Mandy and I went for an early shower in the camp shower block, and I remarked on the number of girls about. Getting back to the van, Mandy told me in full detail about the girls she'd seen in the shower. I was up and throbbing with excitement as she described the pink, tender bodies, pert tight bums, little slender legs, pointy young nipples and firm, young, tight crotches. When Mandy had finished describing them in detail, I couldn't stop myself from confessing that I fancied having both her and some fresh young cunt for that evening.

Mandy had obviously assumed that was how I'd feel, and told me that she'd invited four of the girls to enjoy themselves down at the local with us that night.

All day, I was like a cat on hot bricks waiting for the evening. We went to the pub, with Mandy braless and showing that knicker line through her tight jeans. Then four nubile, petite, young lasses came in and turned all the heads of the locals. Tight T-shirts, cut off jeans (very short) and plenty of lager was the fashion. Evidently the girls were all from a well-known college out on a geography field course. We had an enjoyable drink with them, and discovered over a few pints that they were keen to come back to our caravan for a 'late drink'.

We got back and passed round the extra cans of lager. In minutes the four girls (Samantha, Fiona, Annie and Mary) were sitting on the floor of the van, obviously nervous but looking forward to what we all knew was coming. The tiny little blonde, Mary, had blushed a deep red. At this point Mandy decided to see how far the blush went and she leant over, her jugs dangling loose inside her blouse, and very gently pulled Mary's T-shirt up. Perfect pinky white, Mary's small tits were firm and taut with suckable nipples just pointing upwards. She looked really nervous until Mandy took her hands and guided them inside her blouse.

"Oooh, you're so big," sighed little Mary as Mandy gently rolled each of those tiny little buds between her thumb and fingers. We all watched as they stiffened up and guessed that Mandy's cry meant that Mary was doing just the same under her blouse.

Under my trousers I was just wearing a bright red G-string and I could feel the muscles hardening up my length as I watched Mary and Mandy really getting into each other's tit flesh. Mary's T-shirt was now off and Mandy's blouse completely unbuttoned, showing the full glory of her slim waist and well stocked 38s.

I looked round the floor of the van - all the girls were closely watching Mary and Mandy. Annie had her thighs tightly clasped, her right hand pressed to her mound. Fiona, a well built redhead, was rubbing gently at her crotch over her cut off denims. And Samantha, a tall bubbly blonde, had knelt up, unzipped her denim shorts and was sitting there with her hand well into her fanny. Clearly, all Sam had on under her denims were a pair of high thighed knicks that her slender hand had got inside.

Just looking at her and the other girls wanking was what my cock had ordered. I took off my shirt, skimmed down my trousers and stood with just my bright red G-string on, which only covered my balls and the bottom end of my knob. The rest of my nine inches of circumcised shaft was swaying proudly above the elastic top.

Mandy, brown curls falling over Mary's face, had got her tongue deep into Mary's mouth whilst she was battling to get Mary's shorts and knickers off. Slowly she inched them down to reveal little wispy blonde curls and a tiny, puffy little mound tucked in at the vee of her thighs. Mary blushed up even redder and tried to get her hands down to cover herself.

"Don't cover it - it's gorgeous," I said. "The smaller and tighter, the better." The other girls were still fingering themselves - in various ways - when Mandy decided to *really* get things going!

She stood up straight, took off her blouse, thrust out her big tits, then unbuttoned her jeans and kicked them off. The girls all turned admiringly to her - wanking even harder at the sight. I had an idea which made me feel like spunking then and there.

"We'll have a wanking contest," I suggested. "You girls perform how you like best and I'll judge. The winner gets the first go at this." (I grabbed my throbbing dick by the helmet end as I said this.)

This was glory - four girls all performing their favourite wank routines. Mary was first because she was already stripped. She sat on a chair, her tiny cunt right at the edge of the seat. She was gentle and slow, spreading her legs slightly, then just slipping one finger into her cunt hole while her other hand squeezed her boobs quite hard. She slipped one finger in and out at quite a speed and then suddenly clamped her thighs together hard and often and cried as her juices seeped out down her thighs and on to the seat. She slumped back with an impish smile and a finger still in her hole.

Next was Annie. She was a surprise - stripped she was dark and stocky with a very firm, though not very curvy body. But what a cunt - black hairs trimmed to the shape of a heart, kept close cropped and neatly shaved, and lips that just puffed out from her mound. She started playing with her cunt lips until they looked really pink and swollen and sparkled with her juice. Then Annie sat back on the floor, spread her legs really wide, parted her lips with her right hand and flashed us all a show of the depths of her hole before inserting one finger and just gyrating it round and round until you could virtually see her come start up in her big snatch. Private school educated she might have been, but her language when she came was really dirty!

Fiona and Samantha were stripped and ready by this time and Fiona went next. She was tall and well built, with easily the biggest tits of the girls - bouncy, prominent, hard tipped 36's. She was the crudest of the lot too and just stood up, tossed her ginger hair back and spread her legs, revealing a bushy, ginger thatch. She played around down in her thatch with both hands and then said, "I don't wank - that's too gentle. I fuck myself!"

"I'll follow that," countered Samantha. She looked the real bimbo of the bunch - a tall slender blonde, with great long curls of hair, slim, long legs, a really high bum and small, firm tits. She lay back on the bench seat and slowly took her hand away to reveal a prominent, firm mound covered in downy light brown hair. As we all watched she slowly spread her legs and pulled her knees up to her tits, revealing a slender, pinky cunt slit.

It was only Mandy grabbing my balls that stopped me from just fucking Samantha as she flashed her cunt at us. Ever so slowly, she ran one finger up and down her slit and then gently probed around in her minge until her cunt blossomed open and she asked us all to come and look at her clitty. As we all looked she just slipped her left middle finger right in and started to press it up her snatch as her right index finger wiggled over her unhooded little clit. Slowly she did it, and slowly her clit grew and grew, slowly her breasts reddened and hardened then she screamed and thrashed around the bench, pinching her clit and with her finger stuffed firmly into her snatch as she came.

Now came what I was waiting for. Which girl would win and get my aching meat first? Mandy, panting and obviously juicy, made little Mary the winner - for having the sweetest cunt we'd seen. Samantha was second, Annie third and Fiona fourth - and Mandy promised I'd dick them all in that order.

I went over to Mary and covered each little breast with a hand, making sure I caressed each tiny nipple regularly. Just over half an hour before she had wanked off on one delicate finger, but now she was about to receive nine solid inches of circumcised knob in her snatch walls. I cupped her hands to my knob as the other girls shouted really crude encouragements. She slipped my G-string off as I told her I wanted her leaning over the table so that I could doggy fuck her. The other girls gasped as Mary lightly kissed my dick end, gripped the table, bent over and spread them!

At first I found her tiny little minge difficult to penetrate but as I kept on fondling her little tits I felt a wetness and heat spread over my dick, which then started to slide into the tightest little fuck hole I've ever been in. But obviously Mary had had some big ones before because she pressed back against me and I slowly found myself slipping right up her with my balls tight against her dripping snatch lips.

It was incredible. I was almost trapped, Mary was so tight, and the heat of her snatch on my dick was like nothing I'd felt before. Gently slipping a hand round her front, I rubbed at her growing clit until she suddenly opened out her thighs even more and I had room to really pump my length in and out of her. All the girls cheered as I struck up my rhythm, but it only lasted about six thrusts before her tight twat put paid to me and had my hot spunk blasting her cunt walls. I slipped out my already floppy dick and Mandy instantly went to work on sucking my spunk out of Mary's snatch.

I had soon recovered at the sight of Mandy tonguing my come out of Mary's cunt, and within minutes Samantha had her tongue in my mouth, her arms firmly round my neck, her legs wrapped around my waist and my hard, thick meat planted firmly into her soaking snatch. I walked round the van holding her, fucking her by the motions of our walking, till she started shafting against me almost fit to knock us both over. With her showers of blonde hair waving, Samantha came well before I did, finally taking my spunk into her hot cunt before Mandy went down to suck her out too.

Annie couldn't wait for her turn, and she was soon stroking my dick and balls, then rubbing her flattish chest against my dick to get me up. I could hear moans and groans and saw Samantha's legs over Mandy's shoulders, clamping Mandy's mouth to her cunt and clit button. Then, as my prick responded, Annie was astride me, guiding into her heart-shaped dark muff. I was really disappointed at her slackness at first, until she started to exercise her cunt muscles. She must have trained them for years so she just sat there on my dick, gripping, pumping and releasing it - howling through two orgasms herself before I finally threw what little juice I had left into her twitching hole.

The big, ginger Fiona obviously wasn't interested in my dick. As Annie and I uncoupled, there was a riot of flesh on the bed of the van. Fiona was flat out on her back, Mandy's head stuffed between her thighs while Mandy was spreading her cunt lips over Fiona's tongue. So as Mandy and Fiona 69ed each other stupid, little Mary was groping away for all she was worth at Mandy's big juggling boobs. Far from being left out, Samantha was doing a good job of fucking Mary's cunt. Obviously, each thrust brought Samantha's tongue hard on to Mary's clit, and she was going at Mary's cunt like a rutting dog.

Gradually, the girls shagged themselves out and quietly went back to their tents, with a promise to join us at the pub each night.

Each fabulous night for a week seemed more and more of an orgy until the night when the girls said they were going the next day. We then invited one or two of the locals back too. It obviously worked because when she left the next morning, Samantha said she had counted eight dicks in her cunt during the course of the night. Mandy is now waiting impatiently for the next time we can sneak away for the weekend. - *Jim and Mandy, Leicester* ♣

FIONA COOPER ADULT VIDEOS

FIONA COOPER presents her new range of adult videos and photosets. Topics covered include french maid, nurses, stockings and suspenders, tights, long legs, big boobs, outdoor scenes, wet girls, shapely girls, etc. etc. Over 100 videos and 200 photosets for your pleasure are described in our new full colour catalogue.

SAMPLE VIDEOS! Seventeen videos featuring clips of many of my girls, some of whom are seen here! Just £10 each!!!!

SAMPLE PHOTOSETS! Big colour photo's of lots of my girls (all photo's are full colour and measure 6" x 4") £6 per sample set.

ONE HOUR VIDEOS OF THE GIRLS SHOWN HERE!
Each of these girls features in a video of her own. £10 each.

FULLY COMPREHENSIVE FULL COLOUR CATALOGUE
just £2 (refundable with first order).

INGRID

KIRSTEN

VIRGINIA

TRACEY

JULIE

JENNI

ROSEANNE

LENA

MARILYN

DEBBY

HEATHER

HELEN

ANNE

GAYNOR

SALLY

DEBBYANNE

LEAH

SAMARA

ABIGAIL

BEV

FREE ADULT VIDEOS

NEW MODELS ALWAYS REQUIRED

NEW LOW PRICES!!

Details of how you can receive FREE adult videos sent with all orders!!!

TO ORDER:

Simply tick the items that your require, fill in your name and address and return the coupon along with your payment. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Fiona Cooper (cash should be sent registered). When ordering videos remember to state which format you require. Despatch is normally same day!

Send to: **FIONA COOPER, P.O. BOX 16, HALIFAX, WEST YORKSHIRE, HX1 1EU.**

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

- ☐ 1 hour sample video £10
- ☐ 1 hour big boobs video £10
- ☐ 1 hour stockings and sussies video £10
- ☐ 1 hour wet girls video £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Ingrid £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Kirsten £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Virginia £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Tracey £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Julie £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Jenni £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Roseanne £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Lena £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Marilyn £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Debby £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Heather £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Helen £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Anne £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Gaynor £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Sally £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Debbyanne £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Leah £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Samara £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Abigail £10
- ☐ 1 hour video Bev £10
- ☐ Sample photoset £6
- ☐ Catalogue £2

ALL VIDEOS ARE £10

This price applies only to the videos here

Please tick format required ☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA**

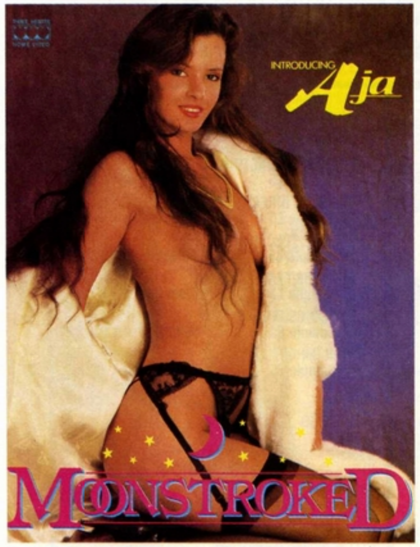
PORN Princess

AJA

If you were under the impression that all porn stars were blonde bimbos, then think again. Aja here, the veteran of more than 20 blue films, has a degree from UCLA.

"I majored in history," she told us from her home in the Hollywood Hills, "which I really enjoyed. I wanted to be a teacher for kids in high school, but there's no real money in that. Besides, the kind of offer that I had from my video company was the kind that you just *don't* refuse.

"And I love my work, believe me. Who wouldn't, with sex with some of the horniest guys and girls you're ever likely to meet, and getting sack loads of fan mail from all over the world? I especially love sucking cocks and swallowing a guy's come, and I have to confess that I've had a lot of practice. It sends my fans wild. As well as the dirty letters, some of them send me the most wonderful



Photographs by Scott Evans

presents too, like pure silk underwear and jewellery. I just love it!"

It's with films like *Moonstroked*, *Naughty Neighbours* and *Deep Throat III* that Aja's made her name, and there are plenty more where those came from. "I've been so busy with my movies just lately that I haven't had time for a sex life of my own," she says. "So it's great that I can have as many orgasms as I like during working hours! I'm very career orientated, as you'll see if you watch any of my movies, and I put everything into them, as you can see here!" ♣

joslyn

Photographs by Michael Moore

“My flatmate did some photographs for a men’s magazine about a year ago. As soon as I saw them I knew I’d have to try it,” gushes 19-year-old Joslyn, looking through her ‘holiday snaps’ and slipping a hand between her legs as she remembers her dirty days in the Wild West.

“I’d always wanted to go to America because all the guys are supposed to be so hunky.

I wasn't disappointed either. Especially when we went out to the ranch to shoot my pictures. All the guys wanted to watch so I was shy at first, but I'd come so far for my chance to strip off that I couldn't back out.

"I started by getting my tits out and playing with my nipples until they were hard and sticking out. The ranch hands all cheered as I began to really enjoy myself. Then I turned my back on them

and slid my jeans off and there was an even bigger cheer. I stroked my bum cheeks and showed everyone my pussy from behind, my lips poking out between my legs.

"When I turned round to show the guys my furry mound from the front the whole place went wild. I was so excited I couldn't resist poking a couple of fingers into my juicy snatch then before I knew it the guys were clambering all over me!

"I had a fabulous time but my bum really ached when I got home....from riding horses, of course!" ♣

COMING IN club

Ich bin ein corker!

Well, that's what Becky said to us, and she's got an MA in German. That isn't a crap attempt to link in with events over the water, it's a fact. Other facts are: there are seven pages of Becky in the next Club, six pages of Maria Whittaker, and squillions of other girls too. Well worth invading Poland for, we think.♣

Volume 19 Number 2 - on sale February 1st

Vorsprung Dick Technik, as we say in Deptford

FICTION

continued from page 53

and met him thrust for thrust. Her cunt ached delightedly, barely able to contain his thick cock. She came for the seventh time

Sweat beaded his forehead. As her orgasm peaked and another began to sprout, she knew he couldn't hold off any longer. Intense joy flooded his face as he drenched her snatch, replaced at the last instant by a mild pucker of surprise. Then out "he" came; every last bit of his vitality funnelled into her.

Marta sighed. Already her sense of satisfaction, so incredibly deep a moment earlier, fumed away like steam from a tea cup. Damn. He'd been a solid catch - healthy, young, enthusiastic, and even skilled. He'd given a performance that would make most women cream just to remember.

For her, it had momentarily salved an itch, lasting scarcely longer than the spark she'd burned out of the one at the Sheraton -was it Tim or Tom? - only a week before.

She'd taken everything they could offer, and it hadn't been enough. She cleaned herself up and threw on her clothes. The sooner she left, the better. She glanced moodily at the corpse. How many had she left like that?

As she reached for the door handle, she took one last look at the bed. The dead man's smile chipped a flake off the marble block of her guilt. Nothing that sent a man to his grave with an expression like that could be entirely unwelcome.

She didn't want to kill. All she wanted was what any normal woman wanted - someone to love her and fuck her as much as she needed to be loved and fucked. A male version of herself.

An hour later she walked up to the airport boarding gate bearing little resemblance to the easy pick-up she'd posed as.

She bent her index fingers so that their extraordinary length didn't seem obvious - second nature to her while on these excursions. The newspaper accounts of the Love Attacks had never described a murderess with such a distinctive physical attribute, and she meant to keep it that way.

Two weeks later, a knock resounded sharply on her front door.

"Marta Kendrick?" asked a tall, lanky man in a raincoat. She knew she'd never seen him before, but something about him seemed familiar. "I'm Alec Ward, Scotland Yard."

She gulped and shut the door. What now? She looked toward the sliding glass door leading to her patio. She lived on the second floor, but in her shape it was an easy jump.

"We've got the place surrounded," Ward called through the door panels. Marta's head filled with images of disguises, false trails, avoidance of hotel personnel, and all the other measures she'd taken over the previous five years to feed her hunger. If her true identity had been discovered, the game was over.

She relaxed as if she'd just shed ton weights from her shoulders, and actually laughed. All day she'd lain about the place in a bathrobe, masturbating every fifteen minutes, knowing that she'd have to take another trip that weekend, and would come back with one more grinning corpse in her memory's hoard.

She tied her robe more modestly about her waist, slid the safety chain out of its slot, and swung the door wide. "How do you do?" she asked.

Ward strode forward, turned, and faced her. "I've been looking for you for five years," he said.

"You could say I've been waiting for you," she replied, sighing. Then, cocking her eyebrow, she glanced into the hall. "Where are the rest of your people?" she inquired.

"I lied. I'm alone. The Yard doesn't know I'm here. In fact, there's a lot about your case I never put in the file."

She'd so thoroughly conceded defeat, she had to struggle to realize that maybe there'd been no reason to give up. "If you're not here to arrest me, why are you here?"

"Arresting you would be one way to retire the Love Attacker, but I didn't get myself assigned to your case to let that happen." He lifted his hands out of his pockets. "Like I said, I've been looking for you for five years. I've looked for a woman like you for a lot longer than that."

Her eyes widened. His forefingers extended to the same length as his middle fingers. She knew now why he'd seemed familiar.

Her bathrobe suddenly seemed like far too much clothing.

"Wanna fuck?" he asked.

"For about five days," she answered.

And they did. ♣

A POSITION OF MY OWN

*Our man **Richard Slick's** favourite position for sex is neck deep in water.Heau bloody heau!*

I was sitting in Goodtime Shirley Bernstein's speakeasy sucking on a Russian Nympho Cocktail. Shirley called them that on account of they were big, strong and if you had more than one of them your legs went all wobbly.

It was 3am. Over in the corner 'Kentucky' Fred Chicane was tinkling on the piano. Why the guy couldn't go to the men's room like anyone else was beyond me.

The guy on the stool beside me was talking to Shirley. He'd just been to Hong Kong. He said the broads over there were just like Chinese takeaways: you had one, and then half an hour later you wanted another.

The phone rang. Shirley answered it. Shirley had a 52 inch chest, but somehow it just wasn't the right shape to fill the dress he was wearing. "It's for you, Rick. A limey."

I took the receiver. "Slick speaking."

"Hello, Mr Slick. This is Stephen Bleach from Club. I'm sorry..."

"Don't apologise, mister," I snapped. "If you want to go around the world beating up baby seals that's your business."

"Er. Yeah. Right... Look, I'm sorry to bother you. What it is, basically, is we're running a feature at the back of the magazine about our correspondents' favourite sexual positions. It was Dominant Dowse's idea. She's always coming up with them. You have to hand it to her..."

"Why?" I rapped. "She short-sighted, or something?"

"Pardon?"

I don't have much luck with limeys. A couple of months back it was a pantomime. Now it was this clown. Maybe it's something they put in the water over there.

"OK, Mr Bleach," I snarled. "You got something on your mind, apart from a bowler hat, then get your ass in gear and give me the low down straight from the shoulder."

"Eh ?"

There was no doubt about it, the guy was slower on the uptake than a hundred-year-old Polish elevator. Anybody would've thought I was speaking a foreign language.

"Wadda ya want?" I bellowed.

I heard the noise of the receiver being wrenched from his hand. A dame came on the line. "He's already told you," she growled. "We're inquiring as to your favoured position vis-a-vis the act of coitus, or sexual congress."

"Eh?"

"How d'you like to fuck?"

She phones me up. It's three in the morning. She's two and a half thousand miles away, she's paying seven bucks a minute, and she asks me to have sex with her. Now that is what I call weird. This broad was sicker than a bus load of Club 18-30s after a sangria and salmonella party.

"Be realistic, sister," I snapped. "You're ten hours away by Concorde."

"Mr Slick," she breathed icily. "You obviously misunderstand me. As far as I am concerned you have all the sex appeal of a lager and barf biryani splattered paving slab in the Old Kent Road on a wet Sunday morning in March. Perhaps even less. Now please don't waste any more time, just tell us your favourite sexual position."

I wasn't taking any chances. I'd been caught out like this once before. A dame phoned me up and and asked if I'd like to get into bondage. I told her I was open-minded. Ten hours later I was in Alabama, working as a slave on a cotton plantation.

"OK," I rapped. I figured any broad that tells a guy he's as attractive as a puddle of vomit has got to be sincere. "I like to have sex in the water. In a stream, in a lake, in the ocean, in a sunken bath, a whirlpool bath, a hot tub, a tin-bath by the fire, a swimming pool, a very large saucepan. Anywhere and any how, just so long as it's in water."

"And why do you like that?"

"Water is sexy. I don't know why. Maybe it's because we remember the contentment of floating in our mother's womb, perhaps it's because the water laps and nuzzles against our skin, or maybe it's because you can take a leak without getting up to go to the bathroom.

"When Sylvia and I were first married we used to make love in swimming pools all the time. What a dame! If you'd've seen us you'd've thought we were a pair of synchronized swimmers: we had the same grace, the same athleticism, the same pegs on our noses. Sylvia was so fond of that peg she even used to wear it when we made love on dry land."

"Any other reasons you like to have sex in water?" the dame asked.

"Sure," I snapped, "because that way the fish don't die."

She hung up. ♣

THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

FESTIVAL OF EROTICA

TWICE NIGHTLY
Mon to Sat
8pm & 10pm
Reservations
01-734 1593

THE WORLD'S CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

RAYMOND REVUEBAR

RAYMOND REVUEBAR, WALKER'S COURT,
BREWER ST. LONDON W1

London's nightlife comes alive
RAYMOND REVUEBAR
RAYMOND REVUEBAR
Personal Appearances of the Worlds Greatest Names in Striptease
LAVISH REVUE
LICENSED BARS
RAYMOND REVUE BAR
THE WORLD CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
2 SHOW NIGHT
8pm & 10
(NOT SUNDA
YMOND
uebar
RAYMOND
REVUE BAR

THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR
30th
1958-1988
anniversary